

TOM THUMB. *11601.00*

A *K 8*

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES

IN

LONDON.



DUBLIN:

Printed and Sold by S. POWELL, in *Grave-Lane,*
near *Essex-street,* MDCCXXX.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King Arthur,

Mr. *Mullart.*

Tom Thumb,

Miss *Jones.*

Lord Grizzle,

Mr. *Jones.*

Mr. Noodle,

Mr. *Marshall.*

Mr. Doodle,

Mr. *Reynolds.*

1 Physician,

Mr. *Hallam.*

2 Physician,

Mr. *Dove.*

W O M E N.

Queen Dollalolla,

Mrs. *Mullart.*

Princess Huncamunca,

Mrs. *Jones.*

Cleora.

Mustacha.

Slaves, &c.

T O M



T O M T H U M B.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Palace.*

Mr. Doodle, Mr. Noodle.

Dood. **S**ure, such a Day as this was never seen !
The Sun himself, on this auspicious Day,
Shines like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit :
All Nature, O my *Noodle* ! grins for Joy.

Nood. This Day, O Mr. *Doodle* ! is a Day
Indeed, a Day we never saw before.
The mighty *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes ;
Millions of Giants croud his Chariot Wheels,
Who bite their Chains, and frown and foam like Mad-
He rides, regardless of their ugly Looks. (Dogs.
So some Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.

Dood. When *Goody Thumb* first brought this *Thomas*
The *Genius* of our Land triumphant reign'd ; (forth,
Then, then, O *Arthur* ! did thy *Genius* reign.

Nood. They tell me, it is whisper'd in the Books
Of all our Sages, That this mighty Hero,
(By *Merlin's* Art begot) has not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle.

The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.

Dood. Wou'd *Arthur's* Subjects were such *Gristle*;
He then might break the Bones of ev'ry Foe. (all!

Nood. But hark! these Trumpets speak the King's
Approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my Petition!
Let us retire a little.

S C E N E II.

King, Queen, *Lord Grizzle*, *Doodle*, *Noodle*.

King. Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;
The Man who frowns this Day, shall lose his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown again.
Smile, *Dollalolla*;—Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow
Sits, like some *Mother Demdike*, on thy Brow?
Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd
Cheeks,

Like a swollen Gutter, gushing through the Streets?

Queen. Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks say,
Gives Tears, as often as Excess of Grief.

King. If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,
'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;
Nay, 'till they overflow my utmost Land,
And leave me nothing but the Sea to rule.

Dood. My Liege! I've a Petition.—

King. Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other Hours be set apart for Bus'ness.

To-day it is our Pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as us.

Queen. If the capacious Goblet overflow
With *Arrack-Punch*—'fore *George*! I'll see it out;
Of *Rum*, or *Brandy*, I'll not taste a Drop.

King. Tho' *Rack*, in *Punch*, eight Shillings be a Quart,
And *Rum* and *Brandy* be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your Will.

[Trumpets,
But, ha! the Warrior comes; *Tom Thumb* approaches;
The welcome Hero, Giant-killing Lad,
Preserver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

S C E N E

The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.

5

SCENE III.

Tom Thumb, *attended*; King, Queen, Lord Grizzel,
Doodle, Noodle.

King. O welcome, ever welcome to my Arms,
My dear *Tom Thumb*! How shall I thank thy Merit?

Thumb. By not b'ing thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;

My Duty I have done, and done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a lovely Creature seen?

[*Aside.*

King. Thy Modesty's a Candle to thy Merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy Merit too.

Vain Impudence, if it be ever found
With Virtue, like the Trumpet in a Consort,
Drowns the sweet Musick of the softer Flute.

But say, my Boy, where didst thou leave the Giants?

Thumb. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they
stand,

The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like twenty things, my Liege;
Like twenty thousand Oaks, by Winter's Hand
Stripp'd of their Blossoms, like a Range of Houses,
When Fire has burnt their Timber all away.

King. Enough: The vast Idea fills my Soul;
I see them, yes, I see them now before me.
The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores,
Which, like as many rav'nous Wolves, of late
Frown'd grimly o'er the Land, like Lambs look now.
O *Thumb*, what do we to thy Valour owe!

The Princess *Huncamunca* is thy Prize.

Queen. Ha! Be still, my Soul!

Thumb. Oh, happy, happy Hearing!
Witness, ye Stars! cou'd *Thumb* have ever set
A Bound to his Ambition — it had been
The Princess *Huncamunca*, in whose Arms
Eternity would seem but half an Hour.

Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your Soldier's Merit,

But

6 *The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.*

But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb*.

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended
Realm

Knows not a Name so glorious as *Tom Thumb*.

Not *Alexander*, in his highest Pride,

Could boast of Merits greater than *Tom Thumb*.

Not *Cesar*, *Scipio*, all the Flow'rs of *Rome*,

Deserv'd their Triumphs better than *Tom Thumb*.

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,
He shall not have the Princess, that is Pos'.

King. Say you so, Madam? We will have a Trial.
When I consent, what Pow'r has your Denial?

For, when the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Petticoat, and her the Breeches.

Nood. Long Health and Happiness attend the Ge-
neral!

Long may he live, as now, the publick Joy,
While ev'ry Voice is burthen'd with his Praise.

Thumb. Whisper, ye Winds! that *Huncamunca's*
mine;

Ecchoes repeat, that *Huncamunca's* mine!

The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is over,

And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns the Toil.

I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,

And *Hymeneal* Sweets invite my Bride.

So when some Chimney-sweeper, all the Day,
Has through dark Paths pursu'd the sooty Way,
At Night, to wash his Face and Hands he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickdust* lies.

[*Exeunt all but Grizzle.*]

S C E N E IV.

Lord Grizzle, Solus.

See how the cringing Coxcombs fawn upon him!
The Sun-shine of a Court can, in a Day,
Ripen the vilest Insect to an Eagle:
And every little Wretch, who but an Hour
Before had scorn'd, and trod him under Feet,

Shall

The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.

7

Shall lift his Eyes aloft, to gaze at distance,
And flatter what they scorn'd.

S C E N E V.

Enter Queen, to Lord Grizzle.

Queen. Well met, my Lord,
You are the Man I sought. Have you not heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)
That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made.

Griz. I heard it, I confess—for who, alas!
Can always stop his Ears—but would my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had first been set on Edge.

Queen. Would I had heard at the still Noon of Night,
The dreadful Cry of Fire in ev'ry Street!
Odsbobs! I could almost destroy myself,
To think I should a Grandmother be made
By such a Rascal.—Sure, the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stall
Was dropp'd.—O, good Lord *Grizzle*! can I bear
To see him, from a Pudding, mount the Throne?

Griz. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! cease my
Queen,
Thy Voice, like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my
Brain.

Queen. Then rouse thy Spirit—we may yet prevent
This hated Match.—

Griz. We will.—Not Fate, itself,
Should it conspire with *Thomas Thumb*, should cause it.
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rush; I'll rise; I'll roar
Fierce as the Man whom smiling Dolphins bore,
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore. }
I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him
not;

For, tho' I would not have him bave my Daughter,

Yet,

Yet, can we kill the Man who kill'd the Giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to a Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! Have you seen no Giants? Are there
not

Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants?

Griz. Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traytor, hie
away;

By all my Stars! thou enyiest *Tom Thumb*.
Go, Sirrah! go; hie away! hie!—thou art
A Setting Dog—and like one I use thee.

Griz. Madam, I go.

Tom Thumb shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd.

So when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, the Dog contending meets,
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog smarts for what that Dog had done. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Queen, Sol.

And whither shall I go?—Alack-a-day!
I love *Tom Thumb*—but must not tell him so;
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't.—I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb*.
Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb*.
Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.
But hold!—Perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine,
In that dear Hope, I will forger my Pain.
So when some Wench to *Tothill-Bridewell's* sent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging, she's content;
She

The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.

2

She hopes, in Time, to ease her present Pain;
At length is free, and walks the Streets again. [Exit]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Huncamunca, Cleora, Mustacha.

Hunc. **G**ive me some Musick to appease my Soul,
Gentle *Cleora*, sing my fav'rite Song.

Cleora sings.

*Cupid, ease a Love-sick Maid,
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.*

*Let him feel the pleasing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow through his Heart,
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with Joy.*

Hunc. O *Tom Thumb!* *Tom Thumb!* wherefore art
thou *Tom Thumb?*

Why had'st thou not been born of Royal Blood?
Why had not mighty *Bantam* been thy Father?
Or else the King of *Brentford*, Old or New?

Must. I am surprized that your Highness can give
your self a Moment's uneasiness about that little insignificant Fellow; *Tom Thumb.* One properer for a
Play-thing, than a Husband.-----Were he my Husband,
his Horns should be as long as his Body.-----If you had
fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I should not have
wondered at it. If you had fallen in Love with Some-
thing; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

B

Hunc.

10 *The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.*

Hunc. Cease, my *Mustacha*, on your Duty cease.
The Zephyr, when on flowry Vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as *Thummy's* Breath.
The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate.

Must. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband,
Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court that
looks so little like a Man. He is a perfect Butter-
fly, a Thing without Substance, and almost without
Shadow too.

Hunc. This Rudeness is unseasonable; desist,
Or I shall think this Railing comes from Love.
Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Cle. Madam, the King,

S C E N E II.

King, Huncamunca.

King. Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.

[*Ex. Cleora, and Mustacha.*]

Daughter, I have of late observ'd some Grief
Unusual in your Countenance, your Eyes
That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew
The lovely Beauty of the Room within,
Have now two Blinds before them-- What is the Cause?
Say, have you not enough of Meat or Drink?
We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted.

Hunc. Alas! my Lord, a tender Maid may want
What she can neither eat nor drink—

King. What's that?

Hunc. Oh! Spare my Blushes, but I mean a Husband.

King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whose warlike Sword
Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants,
Whose Name in *Terrâ incognita* is known,
Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,
Great as the Kettle Drums of twenty Armies.

Hunc. Whom does my royal Father mean?

King. *Tom Thumb.*

Hunc.

The Tragedy of Tom Thumb. 11

Hunc. Is it possible?

King. Ha! the Window-blinds are gone,
A Country Dance of Joys is in your Face,
Your Eyes I pit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.

Hunc. O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,
I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cause of all my Grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

SCENE III.

King, Huncamunca, Doodle.

Dood. Oh! fatal News--the great *Tom Thumb* is dead.

King. How dead!

Dood. Alas! as dead as a Door-Nail.

Help, help, the Princess faints!

King. Fetch her a Dram.

Hunc. Under my Bed you'll find a Quart of Rum.

[*Exit Doodle.*]

King. How does my pretty Daughter?

Hunc. Thank you, Papa,
I'm something better now.

King. What Slave waits there?

[*Enter Slave.*]

Go order the Physicians strait before me,
That did attend *Tom Thumb*—now by my Stars,

Unless they give a full and true Account

Of his Distemper, they shall all be hang'd.

Dood. [*returns.*] Here is the Bottle, and here is the
Glass,

I found them both together.—

King. Give them me.

[*Fills the Glass.*]

Drink it all off, it will do you no harm.

SCENE IV.

King, Hungamunca, Doodle, Physicians.

1 *Phys.* We here attend your Majesty's Command.

King. Of what Distemper did *Tom Thumb* demise?

1 *Phys.* He died, may it please your Majesty, of a Distemper which *Paracelsus* calls the *Diaphormane*, *Hippocrates* the *Catecumen*, *Galen* the *Regon*— He was taken with a Dizziness in his Head, for which I bled him, and put on Four Blisters—— he then had the Gripes, wherefore I thought it proper to apply a Glisters, a Purge, and a Vomit.

2 *Phys.* Doctor, you mistake the Case; the Distemper was not the *Diaphormane*, as you vainly imagine; it was the *Peripylusis*——and tho' I approve very much of all that you did——let me tell you, you did not do half enough——you know he complained of a Pain in his Arm, I would immediately have cut off his Arm, and have laid open his Head, to which I would have applied some *Trahysick* Plaister; after that I would have proceeded to my *Catharticks*, *Emeticks*, and *Diureticks*.

1 *Phys.* In the *Peripylusis* indeed these Methods are not only wholesome but necessary: but in the *Diaphormane* otherwise.

2 *Phys.* What are the Symptoms of the *Diaphormane*?

1 *Phys.* They are various——very various and uncertain.

2 *Phys.* Will you tell me that a Man died of the *Diaphormane* in one Hour——when the Crisis of that Distemper does not rise till the Fourth?

1 *Phys.* The Symptoms are various, very various and uncertain.

The Tragedy of Tom Thumb. 17

SCENE V.

[*To them.*] Tom Thumb attended.

Thumb. Where is the Princess? where's my *Huncamunca*?

Lives she? O happy *Thumb*!—for even now
A Murmur humming skips about the Court,
That *Huncamunca* was defunct.

King. Bless me!

Ye Charming Stars—sure 'tis Illusion all,
Are you *Tom Thumb*, and are you too alive?

Thumb. *Tom Thumb* I am, and eke also alive.

King. And have you not been dead at all?—

Thumb. Not I.

1 *Phys.* I told you, Doctor, that *Cathartick* would do
his Business.

2 *Phys.* Ay, and I am very much surprized to find it
did not,

SCENE VI.

King, Thumb, *Huncamunca*, Physicians, Doodle,
Noodle.

Nood. Great News, may it please your Majesty, I
bring,

A Traitor is discover'd, who design'd
To kill *Tom Thumb* with Poison.

King. Ha! say you?

Nood. A Girl had dress'd her Monkey in his Habit,
And that they poison'd by mistake, for *Thumb*.

King. Here are Physicians for you, whose nice Art
Can take a dress'd Monkey for a Man.

Come to my Arms, my dearest Son-in-Law,
Happy's the wooing, that's not long a doing;
Proceed we to the Temple, there to tie
The burning Bridegroom to the blushing Bride,
And if I guess aright, *Tom Thumb* this Night

Shall

14 *The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.*

Shall give a Being to a new *Tom Thumb*.

Thumb. It shall be my Endeavour so to do.

Hunc. O fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

Thumb. 'Tis the Virgin's sign, and suits you well—
I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,
I'm so transported, I have lost my self.

Hunc. Forbid it, all the Stars; for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find your self no more.
So the unhappy Sempstresses lost, they say,
Her Needle in a Bottle full of Hay,
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan;
For ah! the Needle was for ever gone. [*Ex. King, &c.*]

SCENE VII.

Manent Physicians.

1 *Phys*. Pray, Doctor *Church-yard*, what is your *Papilulists*? I did not care to own my Ignorance to the King; but I never heard of such a Distemper before.

2 *Phys*. Truly, Doctor *Fillgrave*, it is more nearly allied to the *Diaphormane* than you imagine — and when you know the one, you will not be very far from finding out the other. But it is now past Ten; I must haste to Lord *Weekleys*, for he'll be dead before Eleven, and so I shall lose my Fee.

I, so Doctor, your Servants. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Queen sola.

How am I forc'd to wander thus alone,
As if I were the *Phanix* of my kind;
Tom Thumb is lost — yet *Hickathrift* remains,
And *Hickathrift*'s as great a Man as *Thumb*.
Be he then our Gallant — but he! what Noise
Comes trav'ling onward, bellowing as aloud
As Thunder rumbling through th' *Aetherial Plains*?

SCENE

The Tragedy of Tom Thumb. 15

SCENE IX.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, *Courtiers.*

King. Open the Prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse six Pounds
To pay their Debts—let no one weep To-day.
Come, my fair Consort, sit thee down by me.
Here seated, let us view the Dancers Sport,
Bid them advance—this is the Wedding Day
Of Princess *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*.

Dance, *Epithalamium*, and Sports.

SCENE *The last.*

Noodle, King, Queen, Huncamunca, *Courtiers.*

Nood. Oh! Monstrous! Dreadful! Terrible! Oh!
Oh!

Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind my Eyes,
Dumb be my Tongue, Feet lame, all Senses lost.

King. What does the Blockhead mean?

Nood. Whilst from my Garret
I look'd abroad into the Street below,
I saw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,
Twice twenty Shoe-boys, twice two Dozen Links,
Chairmen, and Porters, Hackney Coachmen, Whores;
When on the sudden through the Streets there came
A Cow of larger than the usual Size,
And in a moment, guess, oh! guess the rest,
And in a moment swallow'd up *Tom Thumb*.

King. Horrible indeed!

Ld. Griz. Swallowed she him alive?

Nood. Alive, alive, Lord Grizzle, so the Boys
Of Fishmonger do swallow Gudgeons down.

Ld. Griz. Curse on the Cow that took my Vengeance
from me.

[*Aside.*
King.

16 • *The Tragedy of Tom Thumb.*

King. Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Treasurer
Not give three Farthings out—hang all the *Culprits*,
Guilty or not—no matter—ravish Virgins,
Go bid the School-masters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parsons and Physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the World.

Ghost of Tom Thumb rises:

Ghost. *Tom Thumb* I am—but am not eke alive.
My Body's in the Cow, my Ghost is here.

Griz. Thanks, O ye Stars, my Vengeance is restor'd,
Nor shalt thou fly me—for I'll kill the Ghost.

[*Kills the Ghost.*

Hunc. O barbarous Deed—I will revenge him so.

[*Kills Griz.*

Dood. Ha! *Grizzle* kill'd—then Murtherers beware.

[*Kills Hunc.*

Queen. O Wretch—have at thee.

[*Kills Dood.*

Nood. And have at thee too.

[*Kills the Queen.*

Cle. Thou'lt kill'd the Queen.

[*Kills Nood.*

Must. And thou hast kill'd my Lover.

[*Kills Cle.*

King. Ha! Murtherers vile, take that.

[*Kills Must.*

And take thou this.

[*Kills himself, and falls.*

So when the Child whom Nurse from Mischiefs guards,

Sends *Jack* for Mustard with a Pack of Cards;

Kings, Queens and Knaves, throw one another down,

Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;

So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,

And all I boast is, that I fall the last.

[*Dies.*

30 JY 64

F I N I S.